

Modern Fables: HOW THE MAJOR DAMMED THE ON-SWEEPING WAVE OF REFORM.

ONCE there was a Town that was having a Total Abstinence Jam-boree. The excitement over Temperance was becoming temperance, all on account of a Reclaimed Sot who was conducting a Series of Meetings at Central Hall. The Lecturer claimed to have been Ousted for fifteen Years at a Stretch. He had a sudden Pox that read like a Session of the Legislature. He had been down in the Gutter, and told about it every Evening. The Front Rows were filled with horror-stricken Old Ladies and Sympathetic young Girls who, shuddered when he told how he used to hoist Strong Drink, and would see green Ananadi and polka-dot Lizards peering out from behind the Morris Chair.

The former Sot took particular Delight in telling what a Brute he had been all during the Time that he was doing Business with the Rum Flies. According to his own Story, he must have enjoyed a Thirst that was a Pippin. He touched on the Black Bottle every five minutes or so. In the whole fifteen Years of continuous Toot he never had been known to Compromise on a Sot or take a Clear and put it in his Pocket to smoke after a While. Nothing but the Red Eye would do for Oscar when he started on a Bender. He said that he sold a Locket containing his Mother's Picture in order to get his Morning's Morning. Once he broke open the Savings Bank belonging to his Brother and took out 63 Cents to blow for alcohol. When his darling Sister remonstrated with him, he chased her with a Poker. He forgot his Father's Name to a Check rather than do without his Liquor. In fact, he had been an all-around Pup, and he wanted everybody to know it.

After each Meeting the Ladies would cluster around and offer Congratula-



The Anxious Landlady.

Kentucky Article did not have a Cross word in the Barrel of it, but, on the contrary, was a valuable Medicinal Agent, having Curative Properties which could not justly be claimed for Root Beer, Moxie or Hot Chocolate.

So when the Rescue Corps went after the Major, it had a large contract on hand. The Ladies tried to wrestle him to Earth and pin a Blue Ribbon on him, but he bade them stand back and declared for personal Liberty was to drink it or leave it alone, although he never had tried the latter.

The Ladies told him that he would be a hopeless Inebriate in less than a Year unless he shunned the Wine Cup. He replied that the Wine Cup never had him, because he went against



The Reclaimed Tank.

nothing but the Low Ball, which means a full Jigger and then about another Finger for Luck.

The Landlady of the Boarding House at which the Major lived was one of the Earnest Workers. She was a Good Soul, and she longed to wean the Major away from the Old Stuff and get his Nose bleached. She advised him to take the Gold Cure, but the Major said they never would get Drunk in his life unless they hurried it into him while he was Asleep. The Landlady gave him "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" to read, and had a list of Girl sinners. The Ladies old him that he would be a hopeless Inebriate in less than a Year unless he shunned the Wine Cup. He replied that the Wine Cup never had him, because he went against



The Major.

Drinker's Stomach resembles a Colored Map of Asia Minor. When he came down to Dinner he found at his Plate a Card representing a Snake with a forked Stinger coiled around a Bottle of Rhine Wine, and below it was some printed Matter to the effect that Intoxicants used in America cost more than the Public Schools. The Major retorted that this was a clear case of Value Received. The Public Schools had filled his Youth with Sorrow, while the Distilleries had helped him to forget his Troubles for thirty Years.

After each of these Efforts to save him the Major went to his Room and took a Gentleman's Drink out of a Tumbler, just to prove that he retained his Personal Liberty.

There did not seem to be much

Chance of pulling in the Major, but the Landlady and her Friends kept after him. At last, just to Humor them, he promised to attend a Temperance Meeting. He slipped into a Back Seat and listened to the Horrible Example. Next day he requested an interview with the Lecturer. At this there was much rejoicing. It seemed as though the legal Diplomacy was beginning to weaken. When the renowned Temperance Advocate entered the Major's Room, the Major received him with formal Courtesy.

"I understand that you were the Champion Boozie Fighter at one time," said the Major, pouring a goodly Slug from his private Decanter. "Now, I want you to smell of that and tell me whether it is Rye or Bourbon."

The Lecturer began to edge off.

"What kind of Bitters are used in a Manhattan?" demanded the Major, severely.

"I don't know what you mean?" said his Caller.

"And yet you boast of a Record! What did you drink during all the fifteen Years that you were on the Turf?" "Rum," was the weak Reply.

"Go to!" said the Major, indignantly. "Do you think you can deceive an Experienced Rum drinker? It is a Remedy for a Bad Cold. No one drinks Rum except in the Nautical Novel or a Story by the Rev. Sheldon. Perhaps you can tell me what Sour Mash is?"

"I am afraid not," said the other.

"Then I denounce you as a true-Believe Rouser!" said the Major. "When I heard you misuse the Terms in your Lecture last Evening, I saw that you did not know your own Business. Remember, Cooler and a Shandy Gaff. And all that Talk about throwing your Sister against the red-hot Stove is a lie. I have seen your old Father did not go with me. Don't you know that when a True Gentleman is Cornea he goes

Home and gives Money to his Relatives."

"I have always understood that Liquor makes a Brute of a Man," said the Lecturer.

"Not at all. It is a Shortage of Liquor the Morning After that causes one to be Disagreeable. You should have studied up on these Details before you started out to be a Reformed Drunkard. I don't believe you have had any Experience whatever."

"I tried to take a Drink many Years ago, but it made me ill," said the Lecturer. "I discovered, however, that in order to be a Power for Good in Temperance Work I had to tell about being on prolonged Bats around the 5-cent Duggeries. The Slums have an abiding Fascination for well-behaved People who never go near them, and, of course, there is no Risk in stringing them. But when I strike a Saloon Specialist, such as you, my Talk does not go. I trust you will not Expose me."

"Certainly not," replied the Major. "We are justified in doing anything to push along a Good Cause. But I am going to ask you to make a quick jump to the next Town. You have demoralized my Boarding House. The Landlady has been so Busy trying to get in Hammer-Locking on the Demon of Strong Drink that we don't get anything to eat."

"I thank you for keeping my Secret," said the Lecturer. "If you were to squeal on me and let it be known that I was a Reformed Drunkard, I should be in a bad way. I would not stand one-two-seven with the Respectable Element."

Next Day the Town settled back to its usual Calm.

Moral: Any one who is going into Reform Work should get a thorough Technical Education.

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The American School Girl and Her Ideals.

By Catherine I. Dodd.

AN attempt was recently made to compare the Ideals of English and German school children by considering their answers to two questions: Which would you rather be, a man or a woman—and why? Which man or woman of whom you most wish to be—and why? The same two questions have been sent to nearly 400 American school children, with interesting results.

The sets of papers about to be considered came from schools in New England and the western states. The contrasts between the two are, in some particulars, very marked, and it is well to consider them as they are. The American school girl is more interesting than the school boy, chiefly on account of her individuality, the variety of her aspirations and the loftiness of her ideals, and this paper deals only with her.

From the New England school girls there were nearly 100 papers; of these only 15 per cent wished to change their sex. Eighty-five per cent were content with themselves as they were, urging as reason that the lot of women was preferable to that of men.

"Man has a choice of many professions; if a woman goes into professions like lawyers, men are jealous, besides she does not get so much to do."

"Men can be poets, and I want to be a poet like Shakespeare."

"Men need to do housework, and all our work is nice."

"These remarks are just and to the point. One damsel of 13 says, forcibly: 'I wish most to be a man because this is a man's world, and I want my share of it.' She sums up the whole gospel of the woman's suffrage in this pithy sentence:

"Ten per cent who are true to their own sex may be classed as follows:

"Twelve per cent are self-seeking. They are convinced that woman's lot is easier than a man's; therefore they prefer it.

Fourteen per cent despise men, and believe women to be superior.

Twenty-four per cent are cheerfully philosophic, and accept the inevitable. Thirty-five per cent are convinced that men have a respectable career before them.

Among the self-seeking ones we get the following reasons:

"I would have more enjoyment than men, and they go to parties."

"Women have better chances in life than men, and they can teach better."

"Women are treated more politely than men, and they do their hair nicer."

Fourteen per cent are strong-minded, and they despise men in consequence.

Here are some of the pithy conclusions and condemnations on mankind:

"A woman has better sense than a man."

"Women are always better than men in morals."

"Women are more use in the world."

"Women have more religion than men have."

"Women are quicker than men, and they can control their temper."

"Women just has patience when she is crossed, but men never had patience."

Twenty-four per cent are well balanced and cheerful. They accept the inevitable and make the best of it. They are putting in the way I am, and it would make no difference if I wasn't."

"I would rather be a woman, because I cannot be anything else, and I mean to be as good as a man anyway."

These papers show a commendable philosophy, and a steady determination to make the best of doubtful circumstances. There is no time wasted in vain regrets.

"I would rather be a woman," writes one, "because it is more important to be a woman than a man. Men have a choice of being great in all history, but women have not. Now women have better chances, and they will show the world what they can do, should like to be a great poet or a philosopher, like Plato."

The New England girl is engagingly

frank as an idealist. She admires goodness and longs to emulate it in all sorts and conditions of life, but she is by no means insensible to the glories of position and wealth. She retains, however, from making these an end in themselves; she prefers to regard them as a means to an end.

The distinction of notoriety is not despised by these ambitious school girls, thus: "I wish most to be Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, because many people all over the world admired her, and she freed the slaves."

In considering the heroes of these American girls we get the following: George Washington and Miss Helen Gould head the list. The former, whose incapacity to fabricate a plausible fiction has made him a pattern for childhood, is still the hero par excellence of the American school child. "I want to be like George Washington," writes a little maid of 10, "because he was the greatest man in America, and he never told a lie."

Miss Gould's wealth and good works excite much admiration. "She has more money than any one else, and she does good with it always. The greatness of Washington and the wealth of Miss Gould come first; the veracity of the former and the benevolence of the latter are secondary considerations."

Louisa Alcott, the author of "Little Women," comes third in the affection of the New England school girl, and truly she merits the loving admiration of all English-speaking school girls. To be 13 years old, to have a half-holiday, and one's first introduction to "Little Women," is an ideal state of things which rarely recurs in a lifetime.

Things which come in glancing through these papers. Firstly, the heroes are all real personages and tolerably modern. There is no instance of a character from literature, poetry or remote history being held up for admiration.

Secondly, the New England girl shows no desire to fight for her country. She includes no names of generals or warriors among her list of heroes. The

province of protecting the country is evidently exclusively relegated to men.

Thirdly, the admiration shown by the American girl towards men is marked and sincere. There are very few men's names among a long list of women to be emulated.

The confusion of notoriety is not despised by these ambitious school children in the west. In considering the answers to the first question, we find that only 14 per cent of these girls wish to be men, and the remaining 86 per cent are quite content to be women.

A variety of reasons are given for wishing to be a man. Some wish to get through life easily:

"I would rather be a man because they have an easier time, and I wish to be a man because they have not so many responsibilities as a woman."

"Then there are those who rebel against duties which bring no material reward, thus: 'I would rather be a man, because I don't have to shut up in a house, and have to cook and wash dishes, but they does regular work they is paid for.'"

There are those, too, who are skeptical as to the equality of sexes in their country. Here are some examples:

"I wish to be a man, because he gets more wages."

"I want to be a man; he has chances of being better known and being somebody."

The 86 per cent who are content with a woman's position may be classed as follows:

Thirty-five per cent believe that their sex is superior.

Twenty per cent wish to escape the monotony and pettiness of men's lives.

Seventeen per cent believe in woman's superiority to man.

Fourteen per cent are cautious, and evade a direct reply, but they allow one to infer that the balance is in favor of woman.

A cursory glance at these papers convinces one that Providence is entirely on the side of the women in this

part of the world.

Vanity is not characteristic of these girls; only two mention physical attractions. One says: "It is nicer to be a woman, because they have long and beautiful hair," and another remarks: "Women have finer shapes and nicer waists than men."

Among the reasons urged to convince us of woman's superiority, we get the following:

"I want best to be a woman, because I know many good women, and it is hard to find good men."

A contented note shows itself in the assertions of these little maidens which brings hope to those of us who yet cannot help pitying the men, now that their universe is tottering.

"I want to be a woman, because theirs is best; they get a good education, while the boys quit school before they ought to."

"A woman has more show in society, and as the law is now, men cannot be school teachers, and of all occupations, I like teaching."

"A girl feels inclined to doubt the New England girl's statement that 'this is a man's world.'"

The Indiana school girl is sweeping in her condemnations, and judging man from a religious and utilitarian standpoint, she considers him more or less of a failure.

She says: "Women are more godly than men, and they can do better things."

"I would rather be a woman any day; men get drunk and steal, and they can't work or make children's clothes, or do anything useful."

"Women are more industrious than men are."

We refrain from quoting more examples. A sufficient number have been given to show the inferiority of men all along the line.

Twenty per cent could not endure the drabness and monotony of men's lives. Women's lives, it appears, are rich in incident, full of possibilities, surprises and chances. Men's lives, on the contrary, are dull and commonplace. This

will be a revelation to those of us who have not lived in western America.

"I would rather be a woman, because I want to be a man, because they have a happier life than a man."

"Women can go about to many places and see things; a man has to step in a lady's office."

Truly the American woman has much to be thankful for. The eastern prince who remarked that if he were not himself he would choose to be a woman, an American woman, was not lacking in intelligence.

Seventeen per cent desire to be useful women. They have no wild ambitions, and no desire to jostle with men for elbow room. Teaching is their favorite ambition. "To teach school," "to teach in Sunday school," and to "be a music teacher" appeal to many of them. Some would rise to wilder heights and be musicians, painters and authors. One little girl of 11 says: "I should like to write books. This is the best thing in the world."

Fourteen per cent are very prudent little persons. They admit both sides, with masculine caution, and are inclined to deliberate calmly on the end.

"A man makes a lot of money, but a woman has more goodness," is a non-committal statement.

But like best the Mrs. Poyser-like severity of the following: "A man can work harder, and a woman has more sense. I would rather be a man, because I can use, and men swear and spit on the floor, so I have not lost much."

A curious and somewhat involved speculation from a 12-year-old reformer opens up wide vistas: "Girls grow up into women, and I must. If girls grew up into men, and men grew up into women, for girls are better than boys."

The heroes of the school girl from the west are interesting and varied. Some are from the Bible. There are some curious examples. "I should like to be like Mary, the mother of Christ," writes one, "because she was holy." Noble qualities, especially in women, appeal to them. They have high ambitions, and they yearn to express themselves in music, art or literature.

The four most popular ideal types

The Foremost Modern English Actress.

By Max O'Rell.

FEW years ago Mr. Arthur W. Pinero, the foremost English dramatist, had written a play, and the play was "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mr. George Alexander was to produce it, but he had discovered what they wanted. The actress was interviewed and immediately engaged. The play was produced, and it was a triumph. The play was a masterpiece, and Mrs. Pinero's masterpiece, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a celebrity.

The critics went mad over her and made her such a reputation that her greatest friends and admirers began to wonder whether she would be able to live up to it. She was sent up as a comedy actress, and the fall might be terrible. She had obtained her success by wit and talent; there had been no sensational advertising, and she was as genuine as it was unequalled.

Jealousy, that characteristic shortcoming of members of the theatrical profession, began to do its work. "Yes," they said, "she is very good in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' but she can't play anything else." Some went on to say: "She looks the part; she could not play the part of a good and sympathetic woman; she will never be able to play anything else." Some went on to say: "She looks the part; she could not play the part of a good and sympathetic woman; she will never be able to play anything else."

Next she appeared in Mr. Pinero's "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbisham." It was not a triumph for her, but it was another great success. The critics praised her, the public admired her again, and the confederates of both sexes

said: "She is lucky; this is another part that suits her."

Now we witness her temporary fall. Shakespeare has caused the ruin of many actors. As soon as they have won their way to play Hamlet, some actresses too.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell joined Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the joyous theatre to play Juliet in his Romeo. The dear brothers and sisters of the profession rubbed their hands in delight. "Now," they said, "she is going to see the fall of the shooting star." The more charitable ones acknowledged that she would be interesting. Artists who have a personality always are.

Now, never was a match more ill-sorted than that of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The former is romantic, poetic and picturesque; the latter is the essence of modernity. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is miles away the best Hamlet I have

ever seen, but nobody wishes to see him with frills and trowsers on; there is nothing modern about him. On the other hand, Mrs. Patrick Campbell looks at her best in the very latest fashions. As Juliet she was not a success. But the press, instead of acknowledging that this actress was not suited with a good part for her, began to abuse her shamefully. Some insulted her, called her almost a fraud, an impostor, and they went on to reproach her for daring to stand on the pedestal which was of their own building and not of hers. Sneers, jeers, insults, everything of that sort was hurled at her from all quarters.

At last Shakespeare was laid aside and Sudermann's "Maske" was produced. She was good in it, but her work received no recognition from the critics, and although Mr. Forbes-Robertson was in the cast, the play remained only a week on the boards. For

two years more she remained the faithful partner of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, but without securing any great success. All the time she studied and worked. Little by little a few mannerisms disappeared, and everybody acknowledged she was making great progress, and that one day her celebrity would be firmly established.

Then she made a bold stroke. She took the Royalty theatre and became her own manageress, the only woman who ever dared to make such an undertaking in England. And what play did she produce to inaugurate her management? Why "Maske," which, two years before, had proved such a failure. Her performance was a revelation, and her bitterest enemies had to confess that she was a great actress. The public differed the opinion of the press and the play was a great success. In that path she placed herself by her own exertions and intelligence, by her

own plodding, against all odds, on a level with Eleanor Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. Then, in a country where nobody plays are abhorred, she produced the most daring of modern plays, "Mr. and Mrs. Davenport," almost a repulsive play, which the critics abused and the public refused to see.

Slender, with a beautiful, sympathetic face, deep, languorous eyes, full of magnetism, absolutely natural, she has fought a hard battle with all that courage and determination that men can compete enough to say you find in their sex only; and she has won a decisive victory which is absolutely final. Her position is now secure. There are some curious examples. "I should like to be like Mary, the mother of Christ," writes one, "because she was holy." Noble qualities, especially in women, appeal to them. They have high ambitions, and they yearn to express themselves in music, art or literature.

The four most popular ideal types

whatever was unkind in the criticisms that have appeared on her performance, and she has profited by what was not unkind.

Her acting is now full of repose; her pathos is never staged; she is so absorbed in her naturalness that she creates her acting; to the last she is sustained. There is never one discordant note. You may not always like the play, but you will always like the actress. She creates a living picture, every one of them she gives you a most finished, artistic creation, a living picture.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was telling me only a few days ago, that she intended to go to America pretty soon. Next, remember what I am saying to you: "When you have seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 'Maske' and 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' you will decide that she is the greatest actress that England has sent you."

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The Young American Girl's Common Sense Views of Life.

By Dorothy Dix.

NOTHING is more difficult or more interesting than to find out what a child really thinks. It is only after we get old and cautious and hardened that we like to take a sort of advance prophecy of what the coming woman is going to be and do.

The confidants propounded to these little maidens who are still at school were: "Which would you rather be, a man or a woman, and why?" "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard, would you rather be, and why?" and in reading the answers to the questions one cannot fail to be struck with how accurately they reflect her own nationality.

The little German girl is a nice, wholesome blonde, ready to be poured into the haus frau mould that German men constructed long ago for their womanhood. The English school girl is the conventional and in-

corruptible British matron in miniature, but American school girls' answers are almost sexless in their independent views of life.

And, indeed, the American school girl constitutes a distinct genus by herself. She is generally an intense and nervous and overworked little body, who is fair to console herself with cheating, gum and chocolate creams in the strenuous struggle with "papers" and "grades," and the other troubles of an education, but she has made her own shrewd little observations on what the world has to give her sex, and the best way of getting it.

Nothing, for instance, could be more diverting than the philosophy with which she accepts the lot of being a woman. Only the very few ambitious ones, and women's ambition generally runs to social triumphs, want to be boys. The others perceive that in

America, at least, most of the cakes and ale go to the gentler sex, and they stand ready to accept the goods the gods provide.

Those to whom the new woman, with her ideals of financial independence and woman's rights, is a bugaboo will have nothing to fear from the girls who are glad they are women, because "women travel more and spend more money." "Women have no hard work to do, and men have." "Women have nicer dresses and wear more colors." "Woman is not punished so much as men, for the law is not hard on them."

This is the old-fashioned, orthodox platform, with no new-fangled, new woman planks in it, on which millions of successful feminine campaigns have been conducted, and it is cheering to know that 35 per cent of the school girls intend to stand on it. There are, however, dissenting views. All school

girls do not find woman's lot so rose-colored. One little maiden whom I have the pleasure of personally knowing once said to her father, "Papa, when I am grown up, if I marry I will have to have a husband, won't I?" "Yes," replied the father. "And if I don't marry, I will be an old maid, won't I?" "Yes," again replied her father. The youthful feminine philosopher contemplated the dilemma in silence for a moment, and then she sighed, "I tell you, papa," she said at length, "life is hard on us women, isn't it?"

Another striking thing about the answers to these questions is their intense practicality. Apparently the yearning for the ideal is something that comes later in life. The American school girls want to be a queen, because they picture her as wearing a gold crown on her head. They want to

be Helen Gould, because she has the most money of any woman; the Duchess of Marlborough, because she has the highest position; Mrs. McKinley, because she is wife of the president of the United States.

Personally, this seems to me a hopeful and encouraging sign. It marks a long step toward a rational, instead of a hysterical standard for women. It has not been long since a list of similar questions would have shown a preponderance of morbid and anemic young creatures whose favorite heroine was some martyred female, and who were themselves emulous of dying young, after having made some heroic sacrifice. The history of the world has been saddened by the useless martyrdom of women, and if the modern school girls learn nothing else than the folly of shedding tears into an ocean that is already over salt and briny, her education will not have been in vain.

The American school girl is not sentimental. She doesn't yearn for love or pine to imitate Juliet. Instead, she looks upon matrimony with the cold eye of one who regards it merely as a provision. "Women have good chances in life," remarks one of these social philosophers, "they can be in any profession they want to, or if they don't want to be, they can marry and do nothing," which is an unsolicited compliment to the American husband he is not likely to better.

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